



# blue quill

november 1954

queens college





# THE BLUE QUILL

NOVEMBER 1954

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QUEENS COLLEGE  
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

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 Frank Durham; Peggy Brice  
 MIRACLE IN THE HILLS, LeGette Blythe; Evelyn Copeland

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## Scholarships Awarded

Three day students were awarded day-student scholarships in the Queens College scholarship competition. They are Sharlene Morris and Dorothy Clark of Charlotte and Nancy McIntyre of Patterson, North Carolina.

Miss McIntyre, a graduate of Myers Park High School, received a \$500 scholarship; Miss Morris, a graduate of Central High, a \$400 scholarship; and Miss Clark, a graduate of West Mecklenburg High School, a \$250 scholarship.

Two boarding-student scholarships were awarded to Ruth Bernethy, Rock Hill, S. C.; and Betty Love Goodykoontz, Louisville, Kentucky.

Scholarships are applied on the students' expenses at Queens over a period of three years, and they are awarded on the basis of definiteness of purpose in attending college, scholastic ability and attainment, and wholesomeness of personality.

Miss McIntyre is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry McIntyre, of Patterson, North Carolina. During her high school years she took an active part in the work of the Student Council, the Ambassador Club, and Public Relations citizenship committee. She is a member of the National Junior Honor Society and has taken a part in the Methodist Youth Fellowship. At Queens she plans to do her major work in the Division of Religion and Philosophy.

Miss Morris is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris, 2923 Forest Park Drive. She plans to take teacher training at the college. Her high-school activities include the Library Club, Clef Club, and Bible Club. She is president of the Charlotte Junior Music Club, a member of the cult choir of Covenant Presbyterian Church, and a worker in the Charlotte Symphony Society.

Miss Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Clark, 1913 Green Boulevard, plans to do her major work in public school music. She is a church organist and for three years has served as accompanist for her high-school glee club. In 1952 she entered the North Carolina Music Festival. She is a member of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church.

—M. G.

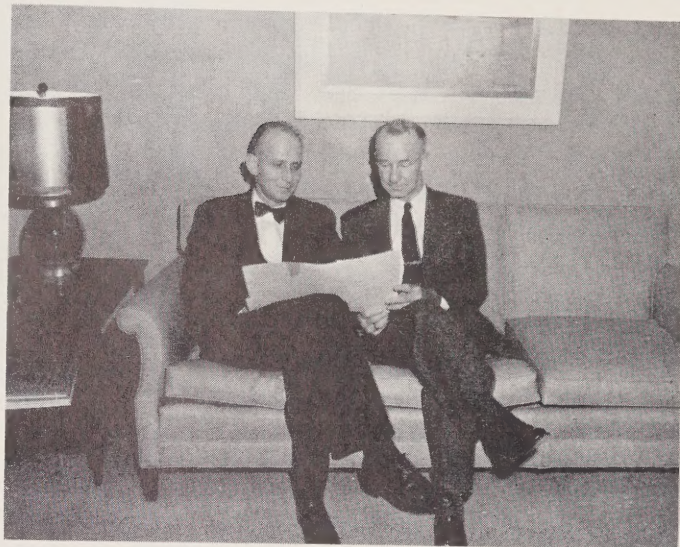
## Seniors Recognized

The Class of 1955 became the official seniors of Queens College at the recognition service held on September 28. Forty-five seniors, attired for the first time in academic cap and gown, were charged by President Edwin R. Walker. Walker used a quotation from Ortega y Gasa as the theme of his address: "The mark of a cultured person is the degree to which he can live in the present."

The service was presided over by Ara Brown, president of the senior class. Miss Thelma Albright gave the scripture reading, and Dean Gordon Sweet led in prayer. Mary McNeely sang as a solo, "If Thou But Suffer God To Guide Thee."

—E. H.

## QUEENS INAUGURATES NEW PRESIDENT



Dr. Edwin Ruthven Walker will be inaugurated as president of Queens College on Friday morning, October 29. The program will be held at 10:30 o'clock in Belk Chapel. Presiding will be H. H. Everett, now chairman of the Board of Trustees and acting president of the college last year.

The inaugural program will open with an organ prelude followed by the processional. Included in the processional will be the faculty marshal, the delegates from colleges and universities, the representatives of learned societies and professional organizations, the representative of the student body, the representative of the alumnae association, the faculty, the board of trustees, the ministers, the secretary and chairman of the board of trustees, and the president of the college. After the processional the Queens College choir will sing under the direction of John Holliday. Mr. Everett will install the new president, and Dr. Walker will deliver the inaugural address.

Delegates from colleges and universities of the two Carolinas, Presbyterian colleges of the Southeast, and a number of learned societies will be guests of honor at the inaugural luncheon immediately following the program in the chapel. At the luncheon the presiding officer will recognize representatives of the Synod of North Carolina, the Synod of South Carolina, the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, the city of Charlotte, the alumnae, the students, and the faculty.

At 8:00 o'clock the same evening a reception for Dr. and Mrs. Walker will be held in the main parlors of Burwell Hall. The entire Charlotte community is invited to attend the reception and to meet the new president and his wife. Members of the faculty and of student organizations will greet the Charlotte guests and the delegates from the several colleges and universities.

—A. A.



## Orientation Week

Orientation Week officially began September 16, when the freshmen arrived. A great deal of preparation was necessary for this day, however. Last spring students and faculty members began planning for the coming year. A few days before the official opening of school, a party was given for the day students. On this occasion Mrs. Elizabeth Cumming of the English department spoke on the special offerings of Queens College as a liberal-arts school.

On Monday evening, September 13, the officers of the student organizations arrived on campus for the pre-orientation conference. The next day these people held meetings in which they discussed different phases and activities of college life in preparation for the coming year. That night the members of the Freshman Advisory Council arrived. Wednesday was spent organizing handbook classes and other activities for Orientation Week and discussing ways to help the freshmen.

The freshmen, some with their parents, arrived on Thursday, September 16. That night and the next morning the parents had an orientation program of their own which included meeting the faculty and administrative staff of the college and learning facts about the school and what their daughters would find at Queens. The hand book classes were taught by two upper classmen—one boarding student and one day student in each of the eight classes.

On Saturday night the annual dance was held for the Queens and Davidson freshmen and their counselors. This year the dance was held in the new David Ovens Physical Education Building. The two bodies of students divided into small groups and met in Burwell Hall. From there they went to the gymnasium. The dance had been planned jointly by Miss Thelma Albright, the Social Committee, and other students and staff members from Queens, and by Samuel Magill, director of the Y.M.C.A., the Social Committee, and cabinet members from Davidson. Faculty and staff members from both schools were present at the dance. Among them were Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Walker, Dean and Mrs. Gordon W. Sweet, and Miss Albright, representing Queens College, and Dr. and Mrs. Pieptonpoll, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Spencer, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Magill representing Davidson College. Clark Reed and Ann Currie acted as master and mistress of ceremony. Leighton McCutcheon and Ann Currie led the grand march. Davidson furnished a combo to supply music for the night, and various talented people from the two schools offered entertainment.

Sunday's program for the freshmen included a tour of Charlotte with the Junior Chamber of Commerce as hosts and a picnic and vesper service at Camp Stewart. Dr. James A. Jones conducted the vesper service. Conferences with faculty members were held Monday to straighten out schedules in preparation for registration Tuesday morning. Monday night handbook examinations were given. Tuesday night

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## Campus Improvements

Many improvements were made to the physical plant of the college while Queens students were away on summer vacation.

At the Ovens Physical Education Building the pool was finished, and the gymnasium floor was resanded. The former history room in Burwell Hall was converted into new alumnae and public-relations offices. Belk Chapel has been completely redecorated. In the basement of Morrison dormitory the recreation room has been converted into space for use of the drama department. Also the servants' quarters have been redecorated.

The majority of the summer renovation was centered in Blair Union. The entire day-student building was painted and converted into lounging areas. Frazer Hall has been completely remodeled. A lounge and study room have been added there. A public-address system has been installed in Belk dormitory. An apartment has also been arranged there for the housemother. In the college kitchen a new salad department with the necessary equipment has been installed. Other improvements include a back entrance to Carswell Hall, new faculty offices in the Science Building, a carpenter's shop for the president's home, and a new teachers' lounge in the Science Building.

—S.

## Day Student Council Activities

Before the opening of school the Day Student Council had completed many plans for the coming year and had put some of them into operation. Jackie Jetton, president of Day Student Council, stated that summer activities included serving at the North Carolina Presbyterian Synod which was held at Queens, sending personal letters to new students, giving parties for new students, entertaining at a tea for new day students, and helping in the redecoration of Blair Union.

Plans that have been completed for the fall term include the continued redecoration of Blair Union, entertaining at several freshman assembly programs, a fund-raising picnic, and a faculty coffee.

—R.

the Honor System was explained, and the Honor Pledge were signed. The last activity in the schedule was the faculty reception on Friday, September 24. The receiving line included Dr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Everett, and Miss Albright. Dean and Mrs. Sweet, and Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Carson welcomed guests at the door. Many of the faculty wives and staff members welcomed guests and served the refreshments. They were aided by the Social Committee of the Student Government. The reception was the event on a very successful orientation program.

—S.



# THIRTEEN ADDED TO QUEENS FACULTY AND STAFF



Left to right: Miss Kimrey, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Eichelberger, Mrs. Dillingham, Mrs. Davis, Dr. Klein, Mr. Forsythe, Mrs. Eley.

Not shown: Mrs. Fail, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Kelly, Miss Collard, Miss Nash.

Thirteen new members have been added to the faculty and staff of Queens College this year. They are: Miss Audrey J. Eichelberger, instructor in speech; Mrs. Margaret L. Eley, instructor in business administration; Mrs. June Faulk Kelly, teacher of children's piano; Miss Emily Kimrey, assistant to the dean of students; Mrs. Amy Hodges Davis, secretary to the dean of the college; Mrs. Courtenay Jones Dillingham, secretary to the director of the evening college and summer school; Mrs. Ann Gray Fail, dietician; Mrs. Virginia McLean, assistant to the dietician; Miss Anne Nash, assistant to the manager of the student store; Miss Eleanor Collard, resident nurse; Mrs. Carrie B. Green, resident counselor; Dr. Raymond Klein, professor of education; and Dr. Sidney A. Forsythe, associate professor of sociology.

For the past two years Miss Eichelberger has been associated with the speech and drama department of Appalachian State Teachers College in Boone. She was graduated from North Central College, Naperville, Illinois, with an A.B. degree and received her M.A. degree in speech and drama from Colorado State Teachers College of Education.

Mrs. Eley received her A.B. degree from Bowling Green (Kentucky) Business University and her master's degree from Teachers College of Columbia University. She has had additional study at Florence State Teachers College, Florence, Alabama. For four years Mrs. Eley was head of the commercial de-

partment at Anderson College, Anderson, South Carolina; and she was later a member of the business faculty of East Tennessee State Teachers College.

A recent graduate of Queens who is returning as a faculty member is June Faulk Kelly. She graduated from this college in 1953 with a B.S. degree in piano. Mrs. Kelly is considered one of the outstanding young pianists of Charlotte.

Miss Kimrey, another graduate of Queens, returns here after completing work for her Master's degree at the University of North Carolina and teaching in Danville, Virginia. She received her A.B. degree in 1949 and was previously on the staff of the office of the dean of students.

Mrs. Davis is also a graduate of Queens and received her A.B. degree here. She has been in government service for the past several years and comes to Queens from a job in the Myers Park Post Office.

Mrs. Dillingham attended St. Mary's Junior College in Raleigh and Queens College. An active civic worker of Charlotte, she has served in such capacities as director of the Covenant Presbyterian Church Day Camp, chairman of exhibits for the Children's Nature Museum, and board member of the museum. She has also been active in civic and philanthropic fund raising in Charlotte.

The new dietician, Mrs. Fail, comes to Queens from Cabarrus Memorial

Hospital in Concord, where she was head dietician. A graduate of Texas State Teachers College for Women, she received her B.S. in home economics and completed her dietetic internship at Charlotte Memorial Hospital. Mrs. McLean, the assistant dietician, comes to us from Mooresville.

Another 1949 graduate of Queens, who is returning as a member of the staff, is Miss Anne Nash. She has served in the field of dietetics at Limestone College, the Kanuga Conferences of the Episcopal Church, and Seabury House, Connecticut.

Miss Eleanor Collard attended Queens in 1950-51. From here she went to the Presbyterian Hospital, where she became an R.N. She is returning to Queens to complete the requirements for a B.S. in nursing.

Mrs. Green, of Charlotte, is the new resident counselor in Belk Dormitory and also assists in the office of the dean of students. She is a native of Mississippi, where she attended Gulfport Business College.

Dr. Klein comes to Queens from Sarasota, Florida, where he was principal of the Bay Haven School. He received his B.S. from Wisconsin State College, his M.A. from State University of Iowa, and his Ed.D. from Duke University. From 1950-52 Dr. Klein was a graduate assistant at Duke, and prior to that time he had served as teacher and principal in public schools in Wisconsin and Iowa.

The new sociology professor, Mr. Forsythe, received his A.B. from the University of Kentucky, his B.S. from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and his M.A. from the University of Louisville. He is at present a candidate for a Ph.D. from Harvard.

—C. Mc.

## Kaleidoscope

MARY BRADLEY

The world is a mass of color  
Whirling round and round:  
Color come to pattern—  
Now gay—  
Now sad—  
Now a mass again.



## Student Represents American Girl Scouts

Farris Cannon, a sophomore at Queens College, went to Europe this summer to represent the United States at a Girl Guide camp in Stockholm, Sweden. Farris has been active in Girl Scout work for the past twelve years. Chosen by an international council, she was selected on the basis of her camping experience, leadership, and the ability to make friends.

Mrs. M. B. Satterfield, head of the Atlanta Girl Scout District, stated: "The representative is a good-will ambassador, one who best represents the highest ideals of American Scouting. Naturally we are very proud of Farris, who goes as a representative from the sixth district, which includes Georgia, Florida, North and South Carolina."

With a group of five other American Girl Scouts and their leader, Farris sailed on July 8 on the *S. S. America*. Four days later they docked at Southampton, England, where they took the boat train to London. Everywhere the girls went they were welcomed graciously. A group of London Girl Guides took them on a tour of London and nearby towns. Later the girls were invited to have morning coffee with the Lady Mayoress of London. But perhaps the most exciting invitation came from Lady Baden Powell, the founder of the Girl Guides in England, as her late husband, Lord Powell, was the founder of Boy Scouting in England. Tea was held at the State Apartments at Hampton Courts. The State Apartments are granted by the king to widows of men who have accomplished an important service for their country.

From London the group traveled to Paris, France, where they stayed for five days. From there they went on to Stockholm. Their train, however, passed through Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and Denmark. On the way to Stockholm the group learned that the King of Sweden's private coach was attached to the end of the train. As the train pulled into the station, the girls saw a brass band and officials wearing all their braid. The red velvet carpet was rolled out to welcome the king.

The arrival of the group at the camp was a special occasion. The girls were

guests of honor at a supper that night. Their hostess was the Countess Bernadotte, the Chief of the Girl Guides in Sweden. This was their second personal interview with a member of the nobility, the first being Lady Baden Powell.

Farris spent three weeks at *Sveriges Flickors Scoutförbund*, which translated means National Swedish Girl Guides Encampment. The camp consisted of 500 foreign representatives and 2,500 Swedish Girl Guides. The girls were there to learn from each other, to exchange ideas and skills important to scouting. Farris says that although there was a language barrier, they soon became able to communicate through gestures. Especially important in communication was music. Farris says that the statement that music is the international language proved to be quite true.

After three full, enriching weeks the girls began their long trip home. A forty-minute stop-over in Copenhagen was the beginning of another brush with royalty. As the train was getting ready to pull out, the girls saw the Queen of Denmark putting the Princess of Sweden and the Princess of Norway on the train. And it happened that the two young princesses were accommodated in the compartment next to that of the girls. That night, as the group was singing some familiar American songs, the princesses came out to listen. They were rather shy but curious and seemed to want very much to be a part of the group.

On August 27 the *S. S. America* embarked from La Havre, and the girls were on their way home. Farris says that this summer was an important learning experience in her life. She says: "You must learn to think quickly, and always be on your toes to answer any question one may pop at you. And the way you answer is important. You must develop tact and diplomacy." But most important of all she feels that her trip has enabled her to come to a deeper understanding and appreciation of the people of other countries.

—A. A.

## Summer Theater at Queens

Queens College made an addition to the Charlotte cultural scene this summer. The Ensemble Theater made its debut in the college dell. This summer stock group was made up of approximately twenty amateur college, high school, and local actors. Dick Burton, a Queens student, acted as the director and Edward Olechovsky, a Queens faculty member, served as the assistant director. The Ensemble Theater was suggested by Dick Burton, who had dreamed of such a summer stock theater for eight years; this summer his dream finally became a reality.

Each member of the company contributed five dollars in order to form the working capital. Small crowds received the company well, but the group ended with a slight financial loss. However, this was the first attempt at establishing a summer stock theater; and the group hopes to be able to finance future productions.

The Ensemble Theater presented two one-act plays during the summer. One of these, *The Hidden Grave*, was the premiere performance. In addition to one-act plays, the company produced *Thunder Rock* by Robert Ardrey. The same play is to be given by the Queens Players soon. Local papers were divided in their critical opinions of the summer performances, but Dick Burton was pleased that no reviews were adverse.

The Ensemble Theater group set its goal the addition of a summer stock theater to the local cultural picture and the stimulation of thought in the minds of the audience. The Ensemble Theater is being commended for its lofty aims and its success in its initial season.

—G.

## King Richard II To Be Shown

A movie of Shakespeare's *King Richard II* will be shown on the Queens College campus November 8-10, according to members of the English Department. The part of Richard is played by Maurice Evans, famous Shakespearean actor. There will be no admission charge to students.

This Shakespearean movie is being sent to colleges all over the country through the courtesy of Hallmark Cards and National Broadcasting Company.

The exact time and place of the showings at Queens will be announced.

—E.



# Three Strangers in Paradise



Reading from left to right are: Libby Gunn, Marjorie Blankenship, Farris Cannon, and Mary McLaney. Mary, Marjorie and Libby visited England. Farris represented the Girl Scouts in Sweden.

This spring, when the sophomores begin to study Brown's "Home Thoughts from Abroad," the opening line, "Oh, to be in England now that April's there," will be recognized as the familiar chant of three Queens girls—Mary McLaney, Libby Gunn, and Marjorie Blankenship—who spent the past summer working at the West Ham Central Mission in London.

Except for their Southern drawls, the girls came home thoroughly English. On each desk sits a small bronze statue of Eros, the god of love, who poises his bow in Piccadilly Circus. Each girl has picked up a language that speaks authoritatively of shillings and sixpence, of "Keep Left" and "Dead Slow" signs, and of the fun they had on their "fortnight's holiday." When people complain of the sweltering summer's heat, each girl remembers the hard wear her one cool skirt received in fifty degree weather.

The three girls—with Helen Brown of the First Presbyterian Church of Statesville (their fourth "Siamese twin") and Miriam Duncan and Margaret Choate of the Assembly's Training School in Richmond—went over together from Quebec on the *Arosa Kulm*, a student ship, to London. After a ten-day voyage they reached London's Tilbury Dock on June 19, lugged their baggage to customs, and were greeted by a bewildering new accent, monetary system, and way of life. Each girl saw her dream spring to life as she rode past the rows of neat flats and small attractive garden plots in the dock area, and entered London's busy St. Pancras station. Soon they were winding their way down London streets to West Ham Central Mission in a small black hack (taxi cab) that had their luggage tied precariously on the roof.

"Oh, it was so nice to stretch out on a bed that wasn't creaking under me!" Libby smiles in reflection. "As we drove to the mission, we were impressed by the campus-style buildings that surrounded the Queen's Gardens, so called by the mission because the flowers were sent to the mission by its patron, the Queen Mother." The girls were fascinated by the mulberry tree in the side garden that was planted by Henry VIII for Anne Boleyn. They felt that they had arrived, however, when they sat down to tea an hour later.

Sunday, the next day, found their work at West Ham officially beginning. The girls attended all the church meetings, marveled at the special children's sermon and service, and were charmed by the lovely English hymns and the rich tones of the church organ. "We didn't even want to sing because we were enjoying the English accents so much," Mary recalls. "Although many English hymns were new and very beautiful to us, others were confusing. You never knew what you were singing. You might start out with 'Take My Life and Let It Be' and sing it to the tune of 'Blest Be The Tie That Binds'."

"Don't forget about the chord and the long pause at the beginning of each stanza," Libby chimes in. "If you were good, you could sing the whole first line while the congregation was still on the first word."

The girls found their work at the mission stimulating. Because school was still in progress, they had much of their day free to sightsee, and held their Anglo-American clubs in the evenings. Working with nearly 300 children, age four to sixteen, the girls took turns conducting good old American games like "London Bridge Is Falling Down" at play periods, and devotionals in the children's church sanctuary at the close of the meetings. In between times, they divided into activity periods and concentrated on international songs, games, dramatics, arts and crafts, and a scrapbook containing creative writing. "I never will forget one masterpiece by a ten-year old," Marjorie laughs. "It began, 'It was a dark and stormy night, and the wind whipped against the raincoats of three Everest climbers.'" Clubs ended July 17 when the girls began their tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland, but the children's activities were resumed with three hectic but wonderful outings upon their return. On August Bank Holiday, the first outing, a day of picnicking and ice skating at Richmond was conducted by the girls for the Tuesday evening "Edwardian" group. The next day the girls increased their bruises by taking a crowd of five- to eight-year-olds to Greenwoods, the country home of the mission, where most of them got coated with mud. "But, oh, that third outing to the London Zoo!" Libby groans. "On the one day the sun shone in London, we nearly burned up. (80°) Mary and Marjorie had their troubles there. One of Mary's little boys got lost and finally turned up after an afternoon of fruitless searching. One of Marjorie's girls got lost at the chimpanzee tea party, and in the special children's zoo a billy goat sneaked up and ate the brown satchel she was holding for a little girl."

We really learned a lot while visiting those people," Mary remembers. "Of all the English, those people in the dock area were hardest hit in the war. Some had lost everything and were impoverished. Yet each home had its shining brass door knob, its flower plot, and a picture of Queen Elizabeth over the mantel, near the door."

Tramping around London in the rain is one of the happiest memories the girls have. Once they found the Old Curiosity Shop and Dickens' home. Another morning Mary and Margie started at the Drury Lane Theatre in Covent Garden, wandered through the flower and fruit stalls, came past St. Clements Church (Dr. Johnson's old church) and walked the length of Fleet Street, stopping at Dr. Johnson's home, the Cheshire Cheese, St. Dunstan-in-the-West Church, where John Donne was once vicar, and the Temple

(Continued on page 23)



## GRADUATES OF '54

The 1954 Queens graduates have already begun to assume their respective places in the work-a-day world. Some are continuing their educations and others have positions in various fields of work.

Many Queens graduates are furthering their education. Davy-Jo Stribling and Jane Thomas are attending Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia. Both of them plan to finish in August of 1955—Davy-Jo with a master's degree in library science and Jane with a master's in religious education. Attending Assembly's Training School in Richmond, Virginia, is Margaret Smith. She too will receive her master's in religious education. Leeds Cushman is continuing study in the social sciences at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. Carol Stockner is entering Duke to work toward a doctorate in clinical psychology. At the University of North Carolina Margaret Schermerhorn is continuing study in sociology and psychology.

Ruth Abernethy is serving as the director of religious education at the First Presbyterian Church of Belmont, North Carolina. At Bowman-Gray Hospital in Winston-Salem Ruby Peede is studying to be a laboratory technician. Jane Anderson is employed as a sales analyst by the Celanese Corporation of America and is living in Charlotte. In Tampa, Florida, Pats Powell is working as a case worker for the County Welfare Association. Doris Searcy is the director of week-day-church school at the First Presbyterian Church in North Wilkesboro.

A number of Queens girls are now teaching. Mary Birch is teaching first grade at Ardmore School in Winston-Salem. Lotus Campbell Bunn is teaching sixth grade in the Merry

Oaks School in Charlotte. In Fayetteville Betty Culp is teaching second grade in the new primary school at Fort Bragg. Patsy Harmon is in Wadesboro, where she is teaching English and French in Wadesboro High School. Dorothy Hinson teaches home economics at Charlotte Central High School. In Greer, S. C., Sylvia Turner is teaching third grade in Appalache School. Charlene Warren is teaching social studies at Reynolds High School in Winston-Salem. Ann Woods serves as assistant in the nursery school at Randolph-Macon in Lynchburg, Virginia. Laura Ann Marti is teaching home economics in Loris High School in Loris, South Carolina. Mary Virginia Crisler is a commercial teacher in Mortimer Jordan High School in Morris, Alabama.

Victoria Copes married Christopher J. Yarries this summer, and they are now living in Aiken, South Carolina where Vicky is teaching math and science in Aiken Junior High School. Louise Harvin and Grier M. Williams were married in Jacksonville, Florida, on July 9. They are living in Columbia, South Carolina; and Louise is teaching sixth grade at the McMaster School there. Betty Lipe was married to John William Davis in June. They are living in Charlotte and Betty is teaching in Marshville. Barbara Edwards and Peter Hairston were married in Belk Chapel in August. They are living in Baltimore, and Barbara is teaching English in Garrison Junior High. Betty Neale was married to Stuart K. Beale this summer. They are living in Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania. Margaret McLeod is living in Seattle, Washington, with her husband Robert L. Herrington. Dotie Saunders Southwell and her husband Robert Southwell are living in Charlotte.

—M. C.

## Lectures and Recitals Planned

Two lectures and one faculty recital have been scheduled through November 5. On October 12 Dr. Mark Van Doren, distinguished poet and professor of English at Columbia University, spoke in recognition of the bi-centennial.

Dr. Van Doren, author and poet, received his education at the University of Illinois and Columbia University. He was at one time literary editor of *The Nation* and also a motion-picture critic. He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and he has been professor of English at Columbia University since 1942.

On Monday evening, November 1, Mrs. Elsie Moseley and Mr. John Morrison, members of the music faculty, will give a duo-piano recital in Ninniss. Their program will include: "Now Jesus Christ, the Son of God" by Bach, "Suite" by Handel, "Sonata III" by Purcell, "Moy Mell" by Arnold Box, "Introduction and Fugue" by Vaughn Williams, "Ma Mere l'Oye" by Ravel, "Fantastie Dance" by Frederick Delius, "Mazurka Elegiaca" by Benjamin Britten, and "Variations on a Greek Folk Song" by Charles Spinks.

On November 5 Miss Margaret Deneke of Oxford University will speak in Belk Chapel on Albert Schweitzer.

—J. M.

## Freshman Help Week

Freshman Help Week began Thursday, September 3, 1954, at 6:30 P.M. with a capping ceremony of all freshmen in Ninniss Auditorium.

Freshman Help Week was designed and started last year as a project to help various community organizations in Charlotte. This year the students helped at the Alexander Home, at the Red Cross office, and at the Community Chest office. For each of these organizations various duties were carried out. The freshman took care of children, typed and addressed envelopes.

Throughout the entire week the freshmen wore the blue and gold rat caps with which they were capped on September 30th. Penalties were given for failure to wear the caps except on special designated occasions. Other freshman duties included being obedient to the sophomores, keeping rooms neat at all times, and studying during closed study

Help Week ended October 8th.

—F.



## Charlotte Symphony Season Opens

One of the outstanding cultural benefits available to the community and environs of Charlotte is the Charlotte Symphony Orchestra. Now in its twenty-third year, the orchestra will give six concerts at the Piedmont Junior High School Auditorium during this 1954-55 season. Most of the performances will be on Monday and Tuesday evenings at 7:15 p.m.; there will be one Sunday matinee performance at 3:30 p.m.

Under the direction of James Christman Pfohl, the orchestra will perform this season with five outstanding guest artists plus the talents of several local groups. The schedule of concerts and performers includes: October 25 and 26, Astrid Varnay, Metropolitan soprano; November 22 and 23, Isaac Stern, violinist; January 16 and 18, Gerard Soucy, French baritone; February 14 and 15, Andres Segovia, guitarist; March 14 and 15, Jacob Lateiner, pianist; and March 25 and 26, a special concert with the Davidson Male Chorus and the Young Artist Winner as guest performer.

Student season tickets for the Charlotte Symphony may be purchased for \$1.00. —C. M.

## Alumnae Entertain

The Alumnae Association entertained the Queens students with a buffet supper Sunday night, September the twentieth. After supper the alumnae held a program in the Owens Physical Education Building. The program was under the direction of Mrs. Travis Stuart.

After singing several songs, the alumnae gave interesting talks about Queens in the old days. The entertainment was concluded with a fashion show of dresses worn at Queens in the 1920's. Students modeled dresses which had been worn by Mrs. Cornelia Henderson, a former Queens girl and now principal of Merry Oaks School. —E. G.

## SHOKO - JAPANESE STUDENT



Shoko looking for a letter from home

At the Senior Recognition Day chapel held at Queens on September 28, at least one girl, five feet, one inch in height with jet-black hair was anticipating the day when she too could exchange her white dress for an academic gown. She is Shoko Yoshikane from Yamaguchi, Japan, who still marvels to find herself in the United States and at Queens with the prospect of graduate school in sociology and psychology in the future.

"I am delightful to be at Queens!" Shoko assures us. "The faculty and the girls have been so friendly to me, and I feel right at home now. They are all so sensitive toward every aspect of life."

The same might also apply to Shoko. She has won many hearts with her delight in American ways and her wish to send her future little girl to Queens like "the woman in the newspaper who enrolled her baby in the class of 1970." Shoko (or "Cocoa" as some people are calling her) has a new conquest in Daisy. Sometimes at night Shoko will open her door at Room 254 in Belk and in will trot the brown cocker spaniel to sleep by her bed. Mr. Storey's recent comment at breakfast that "something will have to be done about Daisy" has become Shoko's chief concern. "How could she bite people?" she protests. "She is zo zweet!"

Shoko came to America two years ago on a full scholarship obtained for her

by an American professor in Japan. She enrolled in Bennett College in Greensboro, where she spent two happy years and maintained a high academic record.

This past summer was an important one to Shoko. While working with the American Friends Service Committee in Greensboro, she was also considering changing to Queens College to complete her final years of undergraduate work. Backing her decision were Mr. and Mrs. John R. Taylor, a Presbyterian family of Greensboro, who hoped to see Shoko enrolled in Queens. "They call me their daughter," Shoko smiles. "They already have five small children; so I guess they are my youngest, youngest, parents in America. Soon they are coming to take me to the Davidson College, where Mr. Taylor graduated, to the Homecoming." Shoko says she has no idea what it's like, but she knows it will be fun, as it is about "some kind of game." Because she has never attended an American football game, she is looking forward to the experience.

Shoko and her family are Methodists, though all the denominations are now united in Japan. She knows Dr. Charles Logan Henderson, the great American missionary in Japan and the grandfather of Libby Henderson of the Queens freshman class. Her family also knows Toyohiko Kagawa, the eminent Japanese evangelist and educator. "He has helped many poor people build homes in Japan," Shoko says. "He and my family work together through the church." Shoko also is proud of the International Christian University in Japan which was financed by the United Christian Youth Movement a few years ago.

When Shoko finishes Queens and graduate school, she plans to return to Japan as a social worker to help her people. In the meantime, she is busy making friends and working hard at Queens. She is happy to be here and happy that we, too, are "delightful" to have her in our college family.

—M. A. B.



## Former Members of Faculty and Staff

Several members of the faculty and staff of Queens College retired this summer; others have entered universities to further their education, and some have moved to different localities.

Miss Loma Squires, dietician at Queens for many years, retired this spring. This summer Miss Squires served as dietician at Sea View Inn at Pawley's Island. In November she will return to Charlotte, at which time she will undergo surgery.

Mr. J. W. Thomson, Jr., who has been with Queens as business manager, treasurer, finance officer, and assistant to the president, has retired after ten years of service. He and Mrs. Thomson are moving to Newberry, S. C., where they have bought a home.

Dr. Ethel Abernethy is attending Yale University this fall. Before leaving Queens, she was awarded the title of Professor Emeritus by the Board of Trustees.

### Student Wins Award

Lindsay Marshall, a sophomore at Queens College, has won fourth place in the International Editorial Awards of 1954. The award was given to Lindsay for her paper, "From the Home—Real Men of Distinction." Her prize of fifty dollars was awarded at the Intercollegiate School of Alcohol Studies on September 11. Last spring at the annual awards-day program, Lindsay was the recipient of the first prize in the Morrison Temperance Essay contest. —E. T.

Next year Miss Alma Hull will begin graduate work for her Ph.D. At present she is living at Sea View Inn with Miss Squires. Serving as librarian at the university of South Carolina is Mrs. David Pugh. Mrs. Hermena Kossove and her husband are operating the Wirick Hotel in St. Petersburg, Florida. Dr. Wilson Wetzler is serving on the faculty of Madison College in Harrisonburg, Va. In Marietta, Ga. Mrs. Charlotte Kellogg has built a home and is teaching there. Dr. Floyd A. Spencer is now associated with a local radio-television station, and Mrs. Sarah West is keeping house and devoting her time to her family.

—V. E.

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# Queens Sponsors Fall School of Religion

Queens College and the Charlotte churches sponsor each year the Fall School of Religion. This fall the school as a part of the Queens-Charlotte Leadership Program is being conducted on six Tuesday evenings from October 19 through November 23.

Miss Summers Tarlton, associate professor of religion at Queens College, is dean of the school and director of the Queens-Charlotte Leadership Program.

Dr. H. V. Carson, chairman of the Division of Religion and Philosophy at Queens, will teach a class on "How to Study the Bible." "Alcohol, Mental Health, and Christian Responsibility" will be the topic of Dr. James A. Jones' course, pastor of the Myers Park Presbyterian Church. Students will also be interested in other courses covering various fields in Christian education.

They are: "The Gospel of John," Dr. David E. Fause, professor of Bible at Catawba College, Salisbury; "The Christian Message for our Present-Day World," Dr. Harold E. Hayword, pastor of Providence Presbyterian Church, and Miss Margaret Brietz, social worker for alcoholics, Mental Hygiene Clinic; "Music in Christian Education," Richard E. Peek, organist and choirmaster at Covenant Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. Peek, associate organist and choirmaster; "Recreational Leadership," Miss Mary Ellen Harrell, director of Christian education at First Methodist Church; (morning class) "Home and Church Working Together," Mrs. J. Cecil Lawrence, teacher at Myers Park Presbyterian Church.

Others are: "Teaching Kindergarten Children," Mrs. J. S. Garner, specialist in children's work; "Teaching Primary Children," Mrs. Gloria Dews, teacher in weekday kindergarten at Covenant Presbyterian Church; "Teaching Juniors," Miss Amelia Hough, director of Christian education at Trinity Presbyterian Church; "Use of the Bible with Children," Mrs. Robert E. Fultz, case worker for Family and Children's Service; "Teaching Intermediates," the Rev. Henry A. Dick, assistant rector of Christ Episcopal Church; "Teaching Seniors," Miss Bernice Stroup, director of Christian education at Covenant Presbyterian Church; "Teaching Adults," Dr. J. H. Ostwalt, professor of education at Davidson College; "The Church and Older People," the Rev. B. Reid Wall, superintendent of the Methodist Home.

## Enrollment Increased

Queens College has begun the 1954-55 school year with the largest enrollment in five years—a total of 434 students—Dr. Edwin R. Walker, president, stated at Senior Recognition Day. At this same time last year the enrollment was only 380.

This increase was in spite of the fact that the Admissions Committee found it necessary to turn down a higher percentage of applicants than in the past. Since the boarding student enrollment is the highest in the history of the college, an additional dormitory, Frazer Hall, has been opened for upperclassmen.

Of the 434 students enrolled 146 of these are freshmen, and 122 are sophomores. The remaining 166 include eighty juniors, sixty-five seniors, fourteen special students, and seven irregular students.

In the Queens Evening College classes 123 are enrolled in the college credit courses and have signed up for 187 courses. This enrollment is a 13% increase over last year.

—P. S.

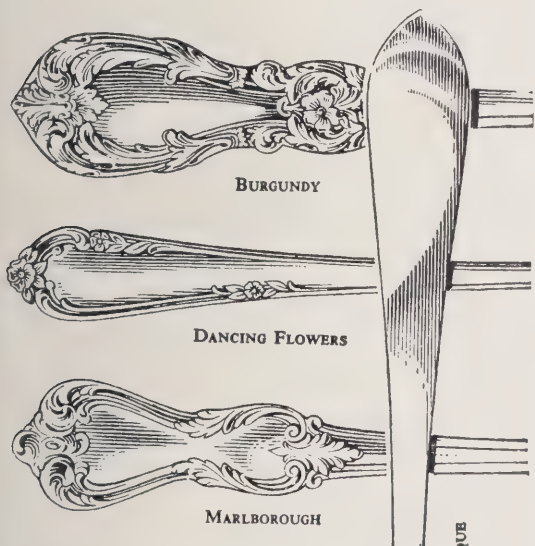
## Thanksgiving Holidays Announced

Dr. Edwin R. Walker, president of Queens College, has declared November 25-28 as the Thanksgiving holidays. The holidays will begin officially at the end of the regular school day, 4:15 P.M. on Wednesday, November 24.

Originally Queens was to observe only Thanksgiving Day as a holiday. According to Dr. Walker the change was made in conformity with the practices of other schools.

—P. S.

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# *As We See It*

## **Welcome, Dr. Walker**

The faculty, administration, and students of Queens College welcome Dr. Edwin Ruthven Walker as president of our college. We have been anticipating this new year with additional eagerness because of his coming.

Already we look upon Dr. Walker as a friend as well as our able president. We look to him for new inspiration toward scholarship, and we appreciate his humor, which makes us feel at ease.

We welcome you, Dr. Walker. With your help and guidance we shall build a greater Queens.

—B. C.

## **Welcome, Class of '58**

We of Queens College extend a warm and sincere welcome to the freshman class of 1958. You come to us from various schools throughout the country, from different family backgrounds, and from all economic levels. You bring with you your ideals, your talents, and your intellectual curiosity. Not long ago each one of you was going his own way separately. Now each of you is part of one great plan. You are a unit—an integral part of Queens College, yet still individuals.

Here is a welcome and a challenge to you, freshmen—to grow emotionally, intellectually, and spiritually within our "halls of ivy," within a group devoted to the highest ideals.

—A. A.

## **"Christ the Hope of the World"**

The World Council of Churches recently concluded its third conference at Evanston, Illinois. For eighteen days the august body of ecclesiastics met to discuss the pertinent problems of the world. While no important decisions were made, many friendships were renewed, and much understanding between religious groups was reached. Naturally, in dealing with a large number of different religious bodies, each having its own idea of doctrine and government, no move toward union could be made. These bodies, it is interesting to note, were unable to agree upon the procedure for a single communion service, and, so that each member represented at the conference could take part in the service, five services had to be held. Every delegate was invited to attend any or all of the services, but only with the understanding that at some he would not be allowed to partake of the elements.

That the Council was closer in that than ever before but still a long way from unity is expressed in the concluding statement in the speech of Archbishop Michael of the Holy Orthodox. He said, "The Holy Orthodox Church alone has preserved in full and intact the faith once delivered to the saints."

There were several noteworthy conclusions presented by the Council—the most important being the need that the church and laity have for each other. The commission studying this problem stated that the community as it once was known is disappearing. The battle of faith which was once

being fought in the communities is now being fought in offices, shops, and factories. Religion is there in the person of the laity. For this reason the need which the church and laity have for each other is most important.

The theme for the conference was "Christ the Hope of the World." Much discussion centered around the theme and especially around the phrase "the hope of the world." To the American delegates the phrase could only mean the world of today and the day which will dawn tomorrow. To the European and Asiatic delegates the same phrase meant the world as it is after death. Some exciting informal discussions were held on this subject, and the conclusion that was reached concerning the difference of opinion was that Christ is the hope of today and the hope of the next life also.

Besides the delegates to the conference there were many laymen and young people present. Many of the young people were acting as pages for the delegates, and some were working as waiters and chauffeurs. One of the most gratifying experiences of the conference was the large crowd that gathered at Soldier's Field, Chicago, for the conclave. People came from as far away as Des Moines, Iowa, but by six o'clock before the meeting at eight o'clock 160,000 people had gathered, and 30,000 more were turned away.

The World Council of Churches which met for the first time in 1938 in Oxford and London will reconvene next in 1960. The place of meeting has not been decided upon. The concluding message of the last conference ended with this timely statement: "We do not know what is coming to us. But we do know who is coming. It is He who meets us everyday and who will meet us at the end—Jesus Christ Our Lord. Therefore, we say to you: rejoice in hope."

—M. C.

## **Thanks, Miss Squires**

There are several familiar faces missing at Queens College this year. However, one of the most loved and most familiar missing faces is that of Miss Loma Squires, former dietician. Miss Squires is at Sea View Inn, Pawley Island, S. C., at the present time, but she may return to Charlotte for an operation in November.

Miss Squires is an alumna of Queens, and she has done summer work at the University of Tennessee, the University of Virginia, and Davidson College. Before she came to Queens College as its dietician, she had taught school in Charlotte, operated the Brown Betty Tearoom, worked at Ewart's Cafeteria in Richmond, and served as dietician and food supervisor at the S & W Cafeteria in Charlotte. She has two sisters in Charlotte. One of them, Miss Kate Squires, is the night switchboard operator here at the college.

Miss Squires came to Queens to be its dietician in 1935. Since that time she has served our college well and faithfully. She always put an extra effort in her work, and she had a great interest in the members and activities of the college. Whenever a group on campus wanted to have a gathering for fun, they would usually choose a picnic with some of Miss Squires' fried chicken for supper.



Because of her devoted service and special interest in Queens, Miss Squires became an integral part of the life of the college. However, she was forced to relax some of her efforts in serving Queens when she was badly burned in the dining hall two years ago. Then last year she had a fall that further impaired her health. For the last two years she has spent a good deal of time in the hospital. However, she continued to serve Queens to the best of her ability until the end of last year.

Upon her retirement the Board of Trustees of Queens College passed a resolution thanking her for her faithful service and devotion to Queens. And now the students of Queens wish to add our thanks to this resolution and to express our gratitude for the many things that Miss Squires has done to increase our health and happiness here at Queens.

—S. B.

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## A College Bell

What does a Queens alumna remember when she returns to her college? As she walks over the "deep waving forest," what part of the campus is special to her because of the rich memories it recalls? Perhaps as many answers to these questions exist as there are alumnae of Queens.

For nearly every other college, however, there is only one answer to the above questions. As an alumna walks again over her college campus, she most probably would remember—the college bell! One peal filling the air on an Indian summer day would recall memories similar to those a Queens girl might feel—the first Sunday away from home, walking to the mail box after supper, harmonizing on "They Say" in North Parlor, stepping over Daisy and Happy in the courtyard, and waking up to the first spring dogwood.

It need not be a fancy bell or even a very big bell. The dream of having a bell tower on top of the future college library—a bell that would be controlled by a clock, and chime every hour as does Davidson's bell—is a happy one. Many colleges, however, that cannot afford expensive bell towers have not sacrificed the campus bell to install an in-expensive electric buzzer. It is possible to have a large bell in a simple iron framework on the ground similar to the historic bell at the First Presbyterian Church that could be rung by hand and on special occasions.

A college campus bell that could invite students with its rich, musical tones to Tuesday and Friday chapels and Sunday evening vespers would be an inspiration and a unifying factor to a Christian campus. A college campus bell, by some mysterious power behind its great iron body, would add school spirit and unify all the traditions and dreams of the greater Queens. Most important of all, a college campus bell would become a part of the student so that a repetition of its sound would forever tie her back to college days in spite of time or distance.

Senior class—or the student body in general—a college campus bell is worth considering. The future college library with the possibility of a bell tower is yet a dream, not a meaningful institution of the present year that is fast becoming a tradition. But let's make that dream come true.

—M. A. B.

## TO ALL STARVING WRITERS

Whether you be poet or prose writer, BQ is looking for your talents. Ten dollars in prizes will be awarded with the publication of the *Blue Quill's* Christmas issue. Enter your manuscripts now. Maybe you'll see your work in print and earn a little money. So read the following official contest rules, sharpen your pencils and imaginations, and you're set to write—maybe to win!

1. Entry must be typed, double-spaced. DO NOT put your name on the manuscript, but type it on another piece of paper along with the title of your entry, put it in an envelope, and clip the envelope to the manuscript.

2. Any poetic form may be used, but the poem must be at least 4 lines. There is no limit to the number of lines.

3. A prose entry may be a short story, sketch, or essay of at least 500 words. There is no limit to the number of words.

4. You may enter as many manuscripts as you wish, but each entry must be separate and have clipped to it an envelope with your name and name of your manuscript in it.

5. Any regular Queens student is eligible to enter the contest except the editor, literary editor, and literary staff of the *Blue Quill*.

6. Put your entries in the *Blue Quill* mail box (51) by November 10.

7. Prizes: For best poem and best piece of prose—\$3 each.  
For second best poem and piece of prose—\$2 each.

Good luck,  
Mary Bradley  
Literary Editor

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## July 2, 1954

LIBBY GUNN

Our tour man wore a pin-striped suit,  
A brown and white striped shirt  
With separate collar riding high  
And looking like it hurt.

His blue and red and green striped tie  
Hung languidly below,  
And seemed to point to the flowering pink  
Of his pocket handkerchief's glow.

A hat of olive-green drooped low  
To shadow rust-fringed eyes  
And caught the smoke of a cigarette  
Completing this his guise.

With beckoning head and twinkling eye  
He said enchantingly,  
"Come loveies, get aboard, 'old tight,  
For London waits . . . and tea!"



# BROWSING . . .

## Where A Host of Characters Reside

Lofts, Norah: *Bless This House*, Doubleday and Company, New York: 1954, 285 pp., \$3.50.

Nora Lofts has written a truly magnificent novel which has remained one of the "best sellers" throughout the summer months. Since she was reared in a section of England where many old homes still stand, she is particularly qualified to write *Bless This House*.

This is the story of "Merravay," a stately house built in England when Good Queen Bess was on the throne, and the history of this house which spans the generations between her reign and the coronation of Elizabeth II four centuries later. Thus the reader gets not only a host of characters, but also historical incidents and events as well.

In the sweep of characters is Tom Rowhedge, the original owner of the house and a retired sailor. The land upon which Merravay was built was given to him by Queen Elizabeth as a reward for bringing in a Spanish ship laden with silver. And so the house had here its beginning. The story continues with those who were intimately connected with it through the years, those who watched it through happy and prosperous times, fade and grow old in times less happy. There are those who live and die there, thinking it a haven, but there are also those who consider it a prison. Rascals and gentlemen, witches and lovely ladies—all become a part of this thrilling story.

—Sally Edgerton

## Thomas à Becket's Life Is Told In Poetry

Eliot, T. S.: *Murder in the Cathedral*, Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York: 1935, 87pp.

*Murder in the Cathedral*, the beautiful and deeply stirring dramatic poem by T. S. Eliot, is the story of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Its historical background is authentic. Thomas à Becket, refusing to serve his king, Henry II, as both chancellor and archbishop, is exiled to Ireland.

Seven years, however, bring a reconciliation with Henry, and Becket returns to his beloved Canterbury. Simultaneously, Henry flippantly wished Becket dead; and in obedience four of his knights storm Canterbury Cathedral and murder Becket December 29, 1170.

With the first lines, spoken by the women of Canterbury, the feeling of expectancy is created. "Here let us stand, close by the cathedral. Here let us wait." The women cannot help expressing it; moreover, the priests, as they talk among themselves, are obviously skeptical of the reconciliation which brings the archbishop home. They, likewise, fear an impending disaster. Then Becket himself enters, speaking of peace and patience, although he fully realizes what is to come.

Characterized in form of four tempers, Pleasure, Pretense, Betrayal, and Martyrdom speak, calling Becket back to worldly power and government position; but they find no listening ear. Becket seems to understand that it is God's will that he die for His cause. Thereupon, Eliot gives Thomas Becket's Christmas sermon to his people, in which Becket presents his philosophy of life and his expectation of death. It is a straightforward and moving dedication to martyrdom.

In accordance with the rising action and mounting excitement of Part II, the knights, somewhat drunk, storm the cathedral. The clipped, anxious sentences of the priests and the emotional chanting of the Chorus carry the death theme. Commanding the priests to open the barred doors to the knights, Becket hastens his own death. The knights enter and, seizing Becket, kill him as he stands with a prayer upon his lips.

With lament for suffering, the Chorus speaks. Then the knights, having completed the murder, address the audience; and one by one they tell their side of the story, stressing their sorrow about the whole affair, and in part blaming for the murder their duty to the king, the fact that they had been drinking, and the fact that Thomas Becket had in many ways precipitated his own death.

With a prayer of thanksgiving and a plea for mercy and forgiveness, the priests and the Chorus bring to an end this complete and beautifully woven pattern of dramatic poetry.

—Libby Gunn

## Writer Of The Negro And The Old South

Durham, Frank: *DuBose Heyward, the Man Who Wrote "Porgy."* University of South Carolina Press, Columbia, S. C.; 1954, \$4.50.

Written by a man who loved the customs, traditions, and history of his native South Carolina as much as the man whose biography he wrote, *DuBose Heyward, the Man Who Wrote "Porgy"* is the story of a professional literary man who represents all that is fine and noble in Southern thought.

DuBose Heyward was born in aristocratic Charleston, South Carolina, into a family that looked upon birth not as a beginning but as a continuation—a family whose name carried prestige throughout the South. Unfortunately, however, financial status was a thing of the past, and Heyward early in life was forced to find employment.

After numerous illnesses which permanently impaired his health, Heyward, recuperating in the mountains of North Carolina, turned to art in order to express himself. This work failed to satisfy him; but with the encouragement and friendship of John Bennett, an established professional writer, DuBose Heyward ventured into the field of writing. Under the intense, yet friendly criticism of Bennett, he developed into a poet of some renown although his poetry today is important mainly as apprentice work, a preparation for his career as a novelist and playwright. It helped him to discover the characteristic subjects that were to bring him fame later—the Negro and the old South.

DuBose Heyward was married to Dorothy Kuhns in 1923 and thereafter plunged into the literary field professionally, giving up a prosperous insurance agency which had brought him financial security. Then the plot of *Porgy* began to shape in his mind. Heyward could hardly have chosen a better time to write a novel about the Negro, for the 1920's marked the rise of a wave of interest in the race and its culture. *Porgy* is memorable because it presents for the first time a fictional yet acceptable treatment of the Southern Negro as a human being and not merely as a pathetically comic figure. It is a record of a culture—colorful and primitive—for which the knell of doom was sounding.



Now *Porgy* has become a part of native folklore; and although the name of uBose Heyward may be forgotten, the characters that he created in *Porgy* will long be remembered.

—Peggy Brice

## One Woman's Revolution

Sloop, Mary T. Martin, M.D. with Gette Blythe: *Miracle in the Hills*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York: 1953. 232pp. \$3.50.

*Miracle in the Hills* is a story of an amazing woman's unique crusade in the hill country of North Carolina. Dr. Mary T. Martin Sloop has spent over forty of her seventy-eight years in the isolated mountains of Western North Carolina and has carried on an amusing and heart-warming one-woman revolution. Her great work with the people and around Crossnore caused her to be honored in 1951 with the coveted award of American Mother of the Year. The story of her experiences is told in her own words, with the same wit and humor which she displays in her everyday life.

Dr. Sloop and her husband, also a doctor, began their life-long dedication to the mountain people when in 1909 they rode horseback into the region. There they found conditions of the most primitive nature. The people had neither schools nor doctors and were quite suspicious of both medicine and "farn." Roads were nothing more than rough cowpaths, electricity and running water were unheard of; and meals always consisted of hog meat, greens, and cheese. Moonshining was the main industry.

When the Sloops saw these conditions, they immediately set to work. They performed operations in crude mountain shacks and under an apple tree ("the most antiseptic spot in Crossnore.") They crusaded against ignorance and superstition. Dr. (Mrs.) Sloop coerced and beguiled the town into becoming education-conscious—even to the extent of carrying a pistol to a meeting to stress her point—and in the end she spearheaded a movement which resulted in a modern twenty-five building school. This school is now making much progress toward the education of the people of Western North Carolina.

Mrs. Sloop declared a personal war on moonshiners, tracking down and capturing stills with a shot-gun as her only weapon of defense. She fought against child marriages in a region where girls were married at the age of fourteen.

With the help of the mountain people, she reinvigorated the weaving trade, built a church and a modern, well-equipped hospital. When faced by enormous obstacles, Dr. Sloop did everything within her power—and then called upon the aid of God.

Her story is told in the rich, anecdotal vernacular of the Southern mountains that she knows and loves. She spins yarns not only of her work but of mountain characters, square dances, and bear hunts. Her dry wit, her steadfast faith, and her affection for the mountain people make her tale one to amuse and inspire the reader. Her life has been a rich and full one, for it has been one which has been completely dedicated to others.

—Evelyn Copelan

## SKETCH . . .

### *On the Other Side of the Door*

BY SALLY EDGERTON

Sandra grasped the doorknob in both hands, turned it, and then stopped short. This was the one all right. There it was in bold letters—Room 222. Standing there in the hall, she looked the typical freshman girl, with her bobbed hair and stylish but conservative traveling outfit. To see her, one would not imagine the thoughts that were tumbling over themselves in that pretty little head. Her mouth drawn in a ponderous pucker, her expression showing overwhelming curiosity, she paused before trying to open the door again. A flood of "what if's," and "wonder what's" skipped along in her mind, often times falling all over each other. Since she had first stepped out of her father's shiny black Oldsmobile and waved him the independent and confident goodbye, she had not ceased to contemplate the possibilities.

A few minutes later she had found herself being whirled through a series of offices, conventional welcomes and forced smiles, and numerous signatures. It was then that she hit upon the solution to her muddled thoughts. She would simply take the mature approach—expect the best and be prepared for the worst. Yes, that would most definitely work because it almost always did, she'd read. Then she didn't stand a chance of getting disappointed. It was like having a blind date—this meeting her college roommate. Hm-m-m, but please, not like some blind dates she'd had.

"Sandra Lowe," a voice called politely from behind her. Turning around, she found a girl smiling at her and indicating that she would help her with her directions and her luggage. "This really isn't as bad as it seems just now," the girl was mentioning, thinking Sandra's expression to be one of confusion as a result of the first day's impressions and queries. Sandra looked at her out of big blue eyes and said in what she hoped was her newly acquired mature manner, "Oh, really I don't mind it at all." Mind it—no, she hadn't minded it; she'd just been about to die, that's all.

Her well-meaning guide had taken her out through the courtyard and into the hallway of the ivy-covered freshman dorm. A mixture of fresh paint and feminine voices rushed out to meet her as she entered. There were girls running all over the place, some looking settled and ready to take up their new habitation without a thought, and others whose faces showed even more bewilderment than did Sandra's. "Your room is on the second floor. A long hike, but you'll get used to it." Sandra replied to this statement with her, "Oh, really, I don't mind at all." But all the while her eyes had been darting through the halls, looking for some girl who had that distinctive quality which would label her as her unknown and assigned roommate. But she didn't spot her. "You must be tired from your trip," said the guide, attempting to draw Sandra out on some subject, but all she got was that she really hadn't minded at all. Sandra's expression became even more alarming to the girl. What on earth was the matter with her? Well, she couldn't be too bothered with her now, for she had another new girl to welcome before lunch.

By this time they had arrived at their destination. The other girl set down her armloads of Sandra's belongings and left. In the haze Sandra had heard her saying, "This is your room. I'll have to run now, if you'll excuse me. Just go right on in."

Surrounded by her luggage and packages, Sandra looked up at the number one more time just to make sure. You just couldn't make a mistake on a thing like this. Just as she was about to try the knob for the second time, she had wild visions of Yankee roommates with hightop socks and all the answers, of too-far-south Southern girls, extremely fat girls, bookworms. The door was flung open, and for several seconds Sandra couldn't bear to open her eyes. But when she did, her whole face fell like rolls in a shaky oven; for there she was, take her or leave her. There she was before her gaze—her single room.



# POETRY

## *Down Oxford Street*

BY MARJORIE BLANKENSHIP

I walk alone down Oxford Street  
My head bared in the rain, with tears  
That blur my eyesight, so I miss  
Green squares and flower beds  
That dress the dingy skirts  
Of Oxford Street.  
I only smell black olives in the shop  
And see backstage announcements  
Streaked with soot and flapping in the rain.

I've walked down Oxford Street before,  
But not alone.  
For ghosts of London winked their merry eyes  
And Goldsmith tipped his hat  
While Dickens' cane tapped playfully  
The shins of chimney sweeps.  
Once in the Mermaid Tavern  
Shakespeare sipped his stout and sang,  
And Lamb and Coleridge heard the phantom song,  
As I do now.

I walk alone down Oxford Street today,  
For I must leave the rose and cherry stalls,  
The hurdy-gurdy man, the Bobbie's mustached smile.  
This land of which I felt myself a part  
Is mine no longer—but the England  
Of a thousand years that lifts  
Her dauntless face along the sea  
And sings, "God, Save the Queen."

America is home,  
A part of me, the warm and sleepy Southland  
Of tree-lined streets and dancing shadows  
On a cool front porch.  
A part of me, the oak tree's murmur  
And the whisper of a brook that flows forever  
Through a dreaming land.  
A part of me the crocheted handiwork on sofa arms,  
The family Bible on its walnut stand,  
And hands that touch in prayer  
On Sunday evenings.

But, England—yours and mine, America.  
For us, King Alfred laid his soul  
On lonely Saxon wastelands.  
For us, a stern-lipped freedom reigned  
At Runnymede—and Robin Hood  
And Arthur built their shining dreams in souls  
As deathless as the phoenix.

The boat will pass the cliffs at sunset,  
Westward turning, Follow I, the sea.  
And soon are far behind  
Green squares and flower beds  
That dress the dingy skirts  
Of Oxford Street.





## *A Sonnet to Autumn*

BETTY CROSS

An autumn day is beauty born of pain  
When chilling wind her life has sought to sere  
And mark each leaf with gold or crimson stain,  
A silver grief where frost has dropped a tear.  
The throbbing bite is like a life's first ache  
When youth her green and freshness seems to lose,  
As love, when grasping men with coldness take,  
Is left to languish from their chafing bruise.  
The autumn's beauty is a bloom of death,  
A fading solace for a weakened life,  
A smile that lights in spite of halting breath,  
A shock, an end to loneliness and strife.  
By death another life obtains a start—  
God's plan of nature to become a part.

---

## *Fool's Gold?*

WORTH SPEARMAN

I hold an autumn leaf in my hand . . .  
I plucked it from the top of a mound  
Of leaves I found, all brown, in my path.  
But see—this leaf I hold has a tip  
Of clinging color yet. Could it be  
An autumn thought I hold in my hand—  
I plucked it from the top of a mound  
Of thoughts I found, all brown, in my path.

---

## *Time*

MARY BRADLEY

Time does not forget  
But stores in minds  
Memories not to be erased,  
But there and here  
To stay,  
To stir into sadness,  
To glide into gladness,  
Never, never to forget.

## *Lines on Love and Man*

BETTY ANNE CROSS

I

Love's candle flickers  
And casts a quivering shadow  
Across my lonely life.  
Realization comes—  
My candle burns too high, too bright—  
Half-consumed by now.

II

The mist enshrouds a blackened earth  
And clutches close with shapeless fingers  
All men, all life,  
Made equal in the night,  
Mystifying the way.

III

No use they say,  
No use to reach.  
Man climbs but to fall.  
But still I strain,  
Stretch to grasp earth's closest star  
Which hovers farthest from heaven.

IV

Though my life blooms forth its spring,  
My heart, still tingling in winter's touch,  
Lies barren, black, and cold—  
For love is gone.

V

"Follow me."  
He beckoned me to come.  
But love was bright;  
I could not leave the blazing flame.

A figure, crumpled, now alone,  
Depressed and tired.  
"Follow me."  
I come.

---

## *The Face*

MARY BRADLEY

This face I see before me  
In a dream,  
A swirl of smoke,  
A rippling, reflecting stream—  
Where? When?  
The face that floats before me.



# Nature's Way

NELDA M. CLEMENTS

There was a faint rumbling from the top of the mountain. The woman stopped her sewing and looked cross the room at her husband. As their eyes met, they rose and headed toward the bedroom door. The woman lifted Sue out of her crib and quickly walked to the side of her husband, who was bending over four-year-old Stevie.

"Everything's gonna be okay," he whispered to his wife.

"But it didn't sound this way last time."

The noise grew louder and louder as it came closer. Sue awoke and started to cry. Stevie sat up in bed and looked from his mother to his father.

"It'll be over in a . . . ." began the man.

His words were drowned out as an avalanche of dirt, rocks, and trees slid by the house and disappeared into the valley below. After quieting Sue, the woman placed her back in the crib. Then she silently undressed and went to bed while her husband reassured Stevie. After banking the almost forgotten fire, he too went to bed. Many hours passed, however, before either could sleep.

The next morning as the man inspected the damage done

by the landslide, his shoulders stooped a little. An expression of worry covered his brown, weather-beaten face. He eyed the distance between the house and the slide, his expression changed. His shoulders straightened; his muscles were tense; and his jaws were firmly set as he returned to the house. He was a large man, even for his six-foot frame. His strides were long and purposeful. As he entered the kitchen, he looked at his wife who was stirring the breakfast porridge. She was a woman of thirty—her husband's junior by five years. Her long brown hair was caught in a bun at the back of her neck. She wore a dark dress covered by a large white apron. She was plain in both dress and action.

"Martha, that there landslide last night wasn't no more than a hundred yards from the house."

Martha stopped stirring the porridge and looked at her husband. Then she looked at the children who were playing on the floor at the other end of the room.

"I know. What we gonna do? This here's the second slide we've had in the last two years." She spoke in a low voice so Stevie would not hear.

(Continued on page 25)



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# CAPTAIN ELLISON'S FUNERAL

BY HANNAH BARRON

"Grandpa—that's what we call him, but 'course he's really my great-grandpa; and boy, can he tell good stories. Ya' know what—I'm even named for him—Henson, that's my middle name." Buzz had talked about his grandpa to all the neighborhood, but this was the first chance he had had to be with Grandpa with Stephen. These Sunday afternoon visits with Aunt Agnes and Grandpa were as much a part of Sunday as church and Sunday school. This was a special Sunday, however, because Stephen from across the street had been invited to come along.

"Hey, Buzz, look at the big house and the long driveway. This is where he lives?"

"Yep, and that's him right there on the porch. Boy, one of these days I'm gonna have a white fluffy beard just like Grandpa's, but I want to keep a little hair on top of my head instead of having it shiny like Grandpa's."

The car stopped, and the little boys tumbled out of the back seat. Aunt Agnes had heard the car, and now she was standing at the top of the steps with Grandpa.

"Lo, Aunt Agnes, this is my friend Stephen. His mom said he could come with us this afternoon."

"Well, that's fine," said Aunt Agnes. "Grandpa and I are always glad to see little boys. We thought perhaps Buzz would come this afternoon; so we saved some ice cream and cake." Aunt Agnes winked at Mother and Daddy. Both children grinned their complete delight and followed her to the house.

Mother and Daddy sat down in the swing on the porch where Grandpa was rocking in his favorite chair. His white hair, his wrinkled face, and his gnarled hands gave ample evidence of the long years he had lived; but he had only to tuck up to Mother's account of Buzz's latest capers to show his love of life and people. Usually he took Daddy out to his garden to show some prize vegetable or a flower blooming for the first time, but today his rheumatism was bothering him; so they just sat and enjoyed the warm spring sun while they discussed the weather and the morning's sermon.

A few minutes later the screen door slammed, and Buzz and Stephen came bounding around the corner of the porch. All of mother's reprimands for slamming doors were forgotten in their haste to see Grandpa.

"Grandpa," said Buzz, hanging on the arm of the big rocker, "we want to hear 'bout when you were a captain and the Yankees . . .".

Grandpa's friendly bearded mouth broke into a smile. "Why, Buzz, you've heard that story enough to be able to tell it yourself."

"But, Grandpa," Buzz begged, "Stephen would like it lots better if you would tell it. Besides I've forgotten parts of it anyway."

Grandpa's watery blue eyes seemed to look beyond his audience back into the years following the Civil War. The years dropped away, and he was a young man once again. "Let me see," he began. "It must have been the first of May, 1865, when I came home. I had worked for a tobacco company in North Carolina for four years before I enlisted in the Confederate Army; so it had been about eight years

since I left home." Grandpa's quavering voice became firm and decided.

"The very afternoon that I arrived home a company of Northern soldiers came into our community ransacking the homes and taking anything valuable that they could find. I remember my sister had saved a big barrel of flour, and when those men found it they dumped molasses in it so that neither one could be used. Uncle Eli, the only slave left, did save our silverware by putting it in the well bucket and lowering it into the water." Grandpa smiled gleefully at this recollection. "I can see him now as he grinned from ear to ear when he told us about his hiding place."

A pause gave time to relive an exciting moment. The blue eyes kindled with the thought, and the controlled voice continued. "The Yankees camped that night within one-half mile of our home. Shortly after I had finished breakfast the next morning, I heard shots from the direction of their camp. I went into the yard and saw the Yankees coming at break-neck speed up the road toward our house. I did not know what to expect; so I stood as if paralyzed. They were ordered to halt in front of our house; and an officer, whom I recognized as having been there the day before, jumped from his horse and ran to the gate where I stood.

"Can you tell me the nearest way out to the Easley Bridge on the Greenville road?' he questioned me.

"Yes," I replied and began trying to make him understand which way he should go.

"Having received this information, he voluntarily told me that someone had fired on them from ambush and had killed one of their men. I offered to see that the man was buried. He gave me the soldier's name and regiment—I cannot recall his name now—so that I might cut it on a marker for his grave. He thanked me and rode away. I thought the incident was closed.

"A week later, however, five soldiers rode up to our gate. When I walked out to meet them, they told me curtly that I with Ben Turner, a neighbor of mine, was under arrest for the killing from ambush of one of their men. They carried me to Turner's house where there was a company of soldiers waiting for the court. I was to be tried for a crime which I knew nothing about." Grandpa's face paled. The years had not completely erased the agony of that unforgettable experience.

"Ben and I were the first witnesses," he continued, "and we both swore that we knew nothing about the crime. Then there were four Negro witnesses. The first three swore that we might have done it. The Captain called to the stand a fourth Negro whom I had never seen. You can imagine my astonishment when he said, 'Ah knows that they done it. Henson Ellison was der leader.'

"The Captain turned to one of his men, 'Sergeant Eason, select a detail of four men, burn this man's house, and take his life. Someone must pay for that soldier's life, and it might as well be this one as any other.'

"Bewildered, I did as I was bidden, setting out when they told me to lead the way to my house. Walking along, I gave the Mason sign of distress. Sergeant Eason returned it! Although I did not discover it just then, I found that another



Mason in the group had also caught the sign I had given, and he was to befriend me within the next few minutes.

"The soldiers set fire to my house and, while it was burning, summoned me to follow them. I went with them to a plantation road that led through a patch of woods nearby. Almost without my realizing what was taking place, my unknown Mason friend had said to the other three, 'Let's gallop up, boys; I don't care to see this done.' And off they rode, leaving me with the Sergeant.

"He raised his pistol and fired it into the air once. 'Good-bye and good luck to you,' he said as he turned to leave. I was so stunned that my only move was to extend my hand. He took it, giving me his name and address as Joseph M. Eason, Dayton, Ohio—a name I'll never forget."

"While Sergeant Eason and his men were going on their way, I returned whistling up the old road to the burning house. I met Ben, who had been released just after Eason took me out. All night we sat around the smouldering ruins of what had been our home.

"The soldiers reported in Greenville that they had burned the Ellison home and shot Captain Henson Ellison. On the next day a group of my friends came over from Greenville to attend my funeral, only to have me greet them personally on their arrival."

Grandpa's head was resting on the back of his chair, and now he closed his eyes. Both boys sat staring wide-eyed at each other for a minute.

"Thanks, Captain Ellison," Stephen said awefully. Then both boys jumped up and ran down the front steps to play under Aunt Agnes's shade trees.

"I speak to be Grandpa," shouted Buzz.

"Well, I'm gonna be Sergeant Eason an' this stick is my pistol an' I'm gonna ride a big black horse. How'bout that man shootin' right up in the air 'stead of killing your grandpa." And with that both little boys disappeared behind one of the big oaks.

## The Place of Television in Our Society

BY SALLY EDGERTON

One of the most controversial issues of our time is the position of television in American society. Seen by some as a modern prodigy to be treated patiently, and by others as a complete menace to society to be done away with completely, it is the cause of much concern. Parents are warned of its psychological effect on children almost as frequently as producers are criticized for their choice of programs. But be it prodigy or menace, television does occupy a gigantic place in the entertainment industry today. And it is generally agreed that it is neither stable nor secure. It must be recognized, however, that television is a relatively young invention and is still in the hands of experimenters. This situation as it exists today alarms us, even as thinking of what it could become astounds us: Some see it in the future as a medium through which education

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made to penetrate more homes and schools, while others w it with increasing dismay.

At its birth about five months before the bombing of arl Harbor, television looked forward to a promising fu-e. Inventors of television proposed to provide the broad-st, the long-distance telephone, the public address, and the eater in so versatile a style as to offer the world a new edium for entertainment in the home. But gradually it s found that the new invention could bring entertain-ent only through producing what mass appeal demanded, the programs were costly and the advertisers few. In an empt to prove that it could be a financial success sponsors erlooked the responsibility it held for not only entertain- g audiences, but also for influencing actions and thoughts. he ultimate aim was forgotten.

Consequently television as it exists today is of an unstable d unhealthy nature. Let us consider, for instance, a day's tertainment on TV station WBTV, beginning at seven ty-five in the morning and continuing until twelve-thirty ight. From a possible sixteen hours only one-half an ur is devoted to programs of a religious nature, such as otionals and vesper services; ten minutes is occupied with e broadcasting of news, and one hour is allotted to news nmentaries. The remainder of the time is filled with akfast clubs, quiz shows, soap operas, old movies, and me shows. Although some of these performances are rmless, others have undesirable consequences on young ldren and uninformed adults. The problem, however, ot how harmless television may be but it is in how posi-e and helpful it could be. Can it not have a lasting quality well?



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Let us also consider the influence of television on family life in America, since one of its aims was to provide home entertainment. Is television bringing the family closer together, or is it monopolizing time that should be spent in other more cultural pursuits? What television is doing to the family is largely a result of what the family allows it to do. In families where television is watched occasionally and with discrimination as to the choice of programs, it can tend to draw the family closer together. Discussions of the programs often follow, and opinions are formed and expressed. Yet in other family circles watching television has stifled, if not eliminated, family conversation and a common sharing of interests. Good reading and visiting have been laid aside as gradually television has taken over.

Although the programs shown usually include a few shows of educational value, some progress is being made to that effect. A philosophy of approach and practice is slowly being evolved by educational TV. This past summer there were two national meetings to develop such programs as those already being presented at educational TV stations like the one at the University of Houston. With an estimated audience of 15,000 people this pioneer station provides sports programs, university forums, general courses in literature and arts, home nursing, and psychology. Nor is this the only station of its kind. Others exist at the University of California, Michigan State, the University of Wisconsin, and currently at the University of North Carolina. More than one hundred of our universities are putting on such programs.

Standard commercial TV networks have also sensed the need for higher quality programs and are striving to include more performances of a cultural nature. Histories, such as *Richard II*, are being dramatized; operas are becoming more frequent, and such shows as "Omnibus," or the "Cultural Variety Show," are being realized for their worth.

With these facts in mind why can we not look towards better things in TV. There is no reason why TV can not become a positive influence in our society, rather than a destructive one. Shall we not demand and look forward to such programs as the University of Houston is producing. Television can grow up, mature, and take its place harmoniously in society if the American public encourages it.

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# EATING OUT

WORTH SPEARMAN

Please pass the indigestion—yes,  
The sauerkraut and ribs—  
I've gagged for months on restaurant food  
But now I'll be His Nibs . . .

I'll eat as if I were a King,  
I'll stuff on home-cooked goo.  
I'm sick to death of greasy eggs,  
And high priced mutton stew,

Of burnt potatoes, winey greens,  
And puddings thinned with water.  
I eat this mess, then see my check—  
One dollar and a quarter!

Yes, pass the indigestion, please,  
The home-made apple pie.  
If indigestion be my death  
Then happily I die!

---

## Lost Heart

LIBBY GUNN

I gave my heart on an April eve  
When the hush of spring was near;  
Receiving in exchange a heart  
Whose owner I held dear.

I did not ask for that heart of his—  
He placed it as did I  
Without reserve, with just a pledge  
"I'll love you 'til I die."

My life moved on with meaning new  
Because within me burned  
The heart of him who placed it so,  
Of him for whom I'd yearned.

But then one day that heart was called  
To fill another "loved alone"  
It took its leave—I held it not . . .  
Because it was no more my own.

And now I have no heart to give  
For though the one he gave at will  
Remains my own, my heart  
With its own pledge still.

Yes, I gave my heart on an April eve  
When the hush of spring was near;  
But alas—now mine and my heart is gone  
And in its place . . . I weep.

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### THREE STRANGERS IN PARADISE

(Continued from page 7)

to attend some trials at the Queen's Bench. After wandering around old back streets they found Printing House Square and the site of the Blackfriars Theatre. Once "Brownie" (Helen Brown) and Marjorie toured the British Museum, seeing the Rosetta Stone, the Elgin Marbles, and many original manuscripts, and on another occasion they attended a session of Parliament at which the members discussed Churchill's visit with Eisenhower and the Suez Canal problem. Westminster Abbey and the Tower were visited early in the summer. On two free days they all toured Hampton Court and the town of Canterbury, visiting the Cathedral and the St. Martin's Church where St. Augustine and his twelve monks preached in 546 A.D.

"Most important was our holiday through Britain," Libby continues. "Then we traveled as a sort of family, living in youth hostels when we could, and eating lunches of pea soup, butter and thick bread. Brownie, as the oldest, was 'mother', Marjorie was the 'elder daughter', Mary was the 'junior daughter', and I was 'dietician'. We were forever visiting each other and when we would get together, after a rain mix-up, you'd have thought we'd been separated for years."

Wherever the girls traveled, they were miraculously met and helped by someone. In Dartmouth, the Vicar of the historic St. Saviour's Church recommended rooms for them, while his curate, Mr. Nicholas Coleridge, invited them to his home for a session with his famous great-great-grandfather's personal manuscripts and volumes. The girls were thrilled as they were introduced to his wife as "friends of F.C." In Henley-in-Arden the girls were adopted by the John Needham family, who recognized them from their television appearance, and in Edinburgh, tired from their cycling jaunt in the Lake Country, they gratefully received help from a Presbyterian minister at the station. After

spending four unforgettable days in the "fairy tale" city, the girls journeyed to Callendar, Scotland, where a young lawyer, whom they'd met on the train, took them for a tour over the Trossachs by Loch Katrine. The girls then rode to Ft. William and the Scottish Highlands, cruised to Iona, spent a night in Oban, and then journeyed on to Glasgow, where they sailed to Belfast, Ireland. Here, the girls separated—Libby, to find relatives in northern Ireland, and Marjorie to Tipperary to find relatives by the Shannon River. With the aid of the kind treasurer of Hereford County, the girls found each other again.

"And that last night in England," Mary concludes. "We had a party at the mission for all our friends. The crowd at the church whom we'd grown to love—Hugh, Peter Jones, Peter Arnold, Dennis, Jimmy, Mary, and Giesla—were present, along with Marjorie's wonderful Cousin Mabel, the Needham family, Valerie Payne (Marjorie's pen pal), and her fiancé and little sister and all our mission friends. No one will ever know how hard it was to leave them all the next day."

Since going back to England now is impossible, one other thing will make the girls happy. Come by their rooms for a cup of tea and learn how you can go yourself.

M. A. B.

---

## Adirondacks in the Rain

MARY McLANEY

Misty mountains hidden by the rain,  
Appearing and disappearing like shapes in a dream—  
Phantom figures lurking behind cloudy cloaks,  
Veiled faces peering through smoke-fogged windows.

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# THE LEGEND OF THE WATERFALL

MARY BRADLEY

Water tumbled over the falls and as the thousand drops splashed in the pool beneath they crashed and pounded back in echo. Through the thick morning fog the steep cliffs, that held the sounding and resounding voice of the waterfall, were barely perceptible. The abysmal pool whirled with its constant overflow and rushed to the stream between a gap in the cliffs.

Two figures hand in hand, making their way through the undergrowth beside the stream, stopped at the opening between the cliffs where the stream and pool met.

"It's just as you described it, Eric—a strange mixture of power and beauty."

"We'll climb up on this rock where you can see it better," the boy addressed as Eric said. He boosted his angular frame on top of a flat rock that was about three and a half feet from the ground. "Give me your hand, Celia, and I'll help you up. Put your foot in that niche and it'll be easier."

Celia did as she was instructed. Eric steadied her as she stood up on the flat rock. He encircled her waist with his arms and looked into her face for a moment.

"Just imagine," she broke the silence. "Tomorrow's the day, then we'll be together forever and ever. Seems like we've had to wait an eternity, Eric."

He smiled at her, "Then we'll have all of another eternity to be together."

"How are two people supposed to act the day before the wedding?" Celia asked.

"Hmnn," he mused, "the same way they act *two* days before the wedding, but not like the day afterwards."

She laughed, "You're already acting like a college professor, trying to answer some freshman's ridiculous question."

"Well, now, shouldn't a college professor act like one?"

"You won't be a full fledged college professor for two weeks. Oh, Eric, I'm so glad you got the job. The campus atmosphere will be wonderful for your writing."

"Also good for grading freshman themes," he added. "Want to get down? The rock's a little damp."

Celia answered, "I'd hate to wake up on my wedding day with pneumonia, but I do want to hear the legend of the waterfall."

"I have an idea," he suddenly exclaimed and ripped from his pocket a clean white handkerchief which he shook with a mocking flourish and spread on the rock. "To shield you from the dampness, my lady," and he bowed from the waist and with a great gesture removed an invisible plumed hat from his head.

"My gallant knight, won't you share this bit of comfort with me? You take two corners and I'll take two."

(Continued on page 27)

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## NATURE'S WAY

(Continued from page 18)

"I got an idea," replied her husband as he crossed to the fireplace. "You know that cliff 'tween the house and the path of the slide?"

"Um-hum."

"If we was to dig a cave in its side, we could stay there durin' the next slide. I'm gonna start diggin' this mornin'."

Martha handed him a bowl of porridge which he took to the table. After a hurried breakfast, he rose to go.

"Wait a minute, Willis," said Martha. "Watch how ya deal with Nature. She ain't one to be tampered with."

"Now, Martha, I know what I'm doin'."

Martha sighed and turned to her dishes. "I sure hope" she said.

A few minutes later Willis was at the cliff, shovel in hand. He began to dig, and in several hours he had made noticeable dent in the mountainside. About noon he ceased to catch his breath and to wipe his sweaty forehead. Turning around, he noticed two men approaching.

"Howdy, Willis," said the elder of the two, a neighbor some two miles away. "Glad to see ya survived the slide last night. We was expectin' ta dig ya out."

"Howdy, Mr. Jones, Fred."

"Howdy, Willis. What ya diggin'?" asked Fred.

"A cave."

"What for?"

"To stay in durin' the next slide. Be good for a root cellar the rest o' the time. Need a new one anyhow."

"Good idea, Willis," said Fred.

"I ain't so sure, Son. You know Nature's got a mind o' her own. She ain't gonna be stopped by no cave when she gets ready to slide. Nature don't like humans meddlin' with her."

A year went by without a landslide. With Fred's help Willis had finished the cave. Martha had helped him stock it with food. Everything was ready for an emergency.

One night during the middle of the spring thaws Willis and Martha were sitting in front of the fire. Sue and Stevie were in bed. There was a faint rumbling from the top of the mountain. Martha stopped her sewing and looked at Willis. As their eyes met, they rose. Martha ran into the bedroom. She called to Stevie as she picked up Sue. Willis lit a lantern. Then he picked Stevie up with one arm and quickly led the way to the cave.

"Hurry, Martha. It's a comin' right toward the house," he screamed over his shoulder.

They ran into the cave and shut the door.

The next day Mr. Jones and Fred approached the Willises' home.

"Now ain't that a piece o' luck fer ya," exclaimed Fred. "Slide split an' missed the house entirely. Let's go an' see how they is doin'."

As the two men reached the door, they realized the Willises were not in. They looked at each other.

"The cave!" cried Mr. Jones.

They turned toward the entrance of the cave. A look of horror crossed their faces. The cave was buried under tons of dirt, rocks, and trees.



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# The Twilight Season

SYLVIA STUART

The twilight season is here again—that period between summer and fall which is like the brief interval from day to night. The carefree days of the summer months are over. Yet the brisk and energetic season of fall has not come. The days remain warm, dry, and still. I can feel the stillness of the time by looking at the motionless wheat fields outside my window. No wind rustles through the slender stalks to relieve my feeling of inactivity.

I long for the brilliant blue sky of October when the very air seems filled with movement. I yearn for the beautiful flowers of fall—chrysanthemums, goldenrod, and spider lilies. Now there are no flowers. The grass is brown and dry. The fresh beauty of summer is gone. The leaves on the trees have not even begun to hint of color. As I gaze at the green branches, it is hard to realize that soon the world will be splashed with crimsons, yellows, and browns.

Now my mood of melancholy which has been influenced by this twilight season is changing to one of happiness. Although there is no evidence of fall now, I know that crisp days are near at hand. Soon the same wind which drives the leaves before it will sweep away my feelings of despondency and create in me the desire for work and activity.



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Charlotte, N. C.



## THE LEGEND OF THE WATERFALL

(Continued from page 24)

They laughed and settled themselves on the handkerchief. Eric looked at her, "You're beautiful, Celia, because you're happy and I'm happy. Just think how much more beautiful the whole world would be if everyone were as happy as you are."

"You're a crazy idealist," she laughed, "but I love you. Now tell me the legend of the waterfall."

"Look, Celia, at the fog over the pool. You can hardly tell the difference between the spray of the waterfall and the fog. They seem to blend together. It's this same way every summer day just before the sun rises over the trees there on the cliff. I used to come here a couple of times a week during the summer when I was in high school and college. It's good hiking distance from the house. You know how I love to walk in the early morning and sort of meditate. And I've wondered about the legend, too."

"It's said that a girl and boy who were very much in love and one another were drowned here and that they live on the other side of the waterfall now. It happened in the morning just as the fog was lifting. So now, every morning they stand together on the other side of the waterfall and watch the fog lift. But the only people who can see them are couples as deeply in love as they are."

"Then we shall see them," Celia said. "But do tell me the whole story before the fog rises."

"Ted Harrington was a rich boy," Eric began. "His father died young and left Ted and his mother a tremendous estate. Mrs. Harrington spoiled, pampered, and dominated her son. She did not allow him to go outside the iron fence around the grounds without herself or a servant along. And he had private tutors all the way through school. But somewhere out of this background he developed the sensitiveness to people and to things that only a poet has. Maybe it was because he was denied normal contact with people and so never learned to take them for granted the way we do. Or maybe it was because he read so much."

"Granddaddy used to tell about sneaking up to the big house Ted lived in to play with one of the servants' sons. And his friend liked to peer at Ted from outside the iron fence. Ted was in his teens then and spent his afternoons painting. But after a while he had exhausted all the subjects within the bounds of the fence and was restless for something new to paint. He wrote about it in his journal."

"If it wasn't for Ted's journal, there never would have been a legend at all. Nobody in town knew what had happened to him. Mrs. Harrington must have known, though, because she never did have a search made for him. Granddaddy found the journal. Mrs. Harrington died twenty years after her son's disappearance, and because she owed money to a great many people and had not left a will the property was auctioned. Granddaddy was the auctioneer. He stumbled on the journal when he was going through the things stored in the attic."

"Well, as I was saying, when Ted searched for new subjects for his adolescent paintings he had to slip outside the iron fence in the early morning and be back for breakfast. And so his life went along until he was well in his twenties, and then on one of his habitual morning ramblings he stumbled upon this spot."

"What a thrilling discovery it must have been!" Celia claimed. "What did he write in his journal the first time he saw it?"

"On that first morning he was walking along beside the stream just as we came," Eric began again. "He was looking for something to make a pencil sketch of when he heard a great thundering, splashing sound. He quickened his pace, forgot about his sketch, and trampling the undergrowth beneath his feet raced along to find out which of nature's phenomena he was about to behold for the first time."

"He stopped when he was over there, just a little beyond the rock. He saw the fog hovering about the pool in the midst of the cliffs and waterfall. It was a thick condensation and looked like he had imagined the inside of a rain cloud would look. It gave the densation that everything it touched was left with an enriching, dripping wetness."

"Then he realized there was a girl standing motionless upon this very rock with her arms stretched out in front of her. It was as if she were trying to hold the fog or lift it. Ted watched her. Her body was slim and her drab-colored dress fitted her well. Her hair was black as night and hung long down her back instead of being bundled up the way Ted's mother wore hers. And her skin was not dead white like he thought ladies' skin was supposed to be, but rather it was a deep olive tone."

"He must speak, Ted thought. So impulsively he scaled the rocks and said, 'Hello.'"

"The girl dropped her arms to her sides and turned around quickly. Her eyes flashed. Ted did not know whether it was fear or wildness that he saw in them."

"He said to her, 'I was out for my morning walk and just happened upon this place. Do you come often?'"

"She made no reply, so Ted said, 'May I stay?'"

"She turned around, faced the fog, and still said nothing."

"Ted settled himself on the rock and mused about how well the girl in her drab dress fitted into the pattern of canescent grays dampened by the misty fog."

Soon the sun came up over the trees and burned away the fog. The tumbling water crashing into the pool below was in full view.

"The girl turned, looked at Ted, and said, 'I wonder if there's fog on the other side of the waterfall?'"

"Ted started to answer, although he knew no answer, but had walked to the edge of the rock. She slid easily down the incline and walked away down by the stream. He watched her as she disappeared in the woods. Then he looked at the waterfall and remembered her question—'I wonder if there's fog on the other side of the waterfall?'"

"The next morning Ted went again to the waterfall. She was there, but Ted did not speak until the sun had burned the fog away. 'Why do you come and stare at the falls this way?' he asked."

"From somewhere within her she summoned the words to answer his question, 'To see myself.' She started to leave."

"'Wait,' said Ted. 'Can't you stay and talk a minute? I want to know you.'"

"She looked undecided."

"'Please sit down,' Ted invited."

"She sat down on the rock."

(Continued on page 31)

# MORNING

SALLY EDGERTON

Sun's rays come dancing  
Through night-drawn shades;  
Morning rises  
Clothed in fresh attire.  
Bright and fresh is her make-up,  
Subtle her perfume.  
Graceful is her rising.

All the world lies waiting  
For her appearance;  
Earth throws off its blanket  
Of darkness and slumber.  
Eyelids gently lifting  
Behold her as she comes.  
Radiant is her smile.

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# School Again

ESTHER MASSEY

School again! Here I am with forty odd suitcases, half full of clothes as I say goodbye to parents on one side and hug friends on the other. This experience presents a bundle of mixed emotions—a double sensation of the joy of seeing Queens and familiar faces and of sorrow at the thought of leaving my home town and parents. Yet, I guess being glad to be “home” at college is the most important feeling of all. Is this the same girl who whooped goodbye at the end of spring exams? Yes, Esther is here again on the Queens campus this fresh fall day of 1954.

School again! As I walk up to Burwell Hall, I see Queens as a campus of dusty, dry walks. The leaves are beginning to turn, blazing forth with a sensational display of color. All through October the campus becomes more and more splashed with color. And then the climax arrives! The weather is bright and sunny; the nights are cool. Then, just as the weather and the coloring reach perfection, a rain storm comes, and the miracle is over. This is Queens College.

As I walk on, I hear the many familiar sounds from the dormitories and buildings, such as piano practice, outdoor chatter, and shouts from the tennis courts. Diana's Courtyard is filled with girls in bright cotton dresses reviewing summer's news. This is a campus filled with laughter, homesickness, and anxiety. Here are the dignified seniors, the glowing juniors, the confident sophomores, and the unexpected freshmen. This is Queens College.

## THE BARRINGER HOTELS



Charlotte, N. C.

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Oh! Here comes a group of familiar faces—girls who are lifetime friends. I am happy to be back in classes and every phase of college life. Yet I realize that my years are flying by. Every minute I must enjoy and live life to its fullest extent.

A class bell interrupts my thoughts, and I begin to realize I have been dreaming. As the bell stops ringing, I find myself alone. The walks are deserted now, and silence covers the campus. This bright fall day of my junior year begins again with renewed hopes for the future. I've come home again to Queens.

## Time and the Clock

WORTH SPEARMAN

The weightless hours creep by on feet of lead. Evidently the slow-gear clock repeats the same tick-tock. It's damnifying tread finds on and on. This restive quiet cheats my mind of all expression . . . dark and hot and teeming mind with slipping shadows . . . thick with fears or superstitions half forgot with time. With time that rots the lantern wick—at lantern wick whose hissing, spitting light diminishes but the clock—the pacing clock—the man-made hour glass to measure night prooflessly it dwindles out. Tick-tock. The clock. Its pendulum, a winking eye—the clock—tick-tock—tick-tock—and time ekes by.

## CHARLESTON

EMMIE HAY

There is something about a sea-coast town that gets into the blood of its inhabitants. Perhaps it is the brackish smell of "pluff mud" at low tide, the exhilarating sting of salt water on bare skin, the wistful, melodic cries of shrimp vendors, the glorious, wild beauty of a hurricane.

Many people would say that a sea-coast town is really no different from any other. In the buildings, businesses, and general pattern of living, perhaps there is no great difference. But in a coastal town one is always conscious of the presence of the sea, even though it may not be visible from office or store. And the people are not quite the same as others. There is a difference in the youngster who has experienced the thrill of skimming over ripples and plowing through white caps in a swift, silent sailboat. There is a difference in the child who has walked along the banks and felt the soft black mud oozing up between his toes. There is a difference in the man who has stood on the sea wall and watched the green, glassy waters abruptly change to a boiling, black inferno in an approaching storm.

That difference is the sea, ever present, ever changing, and all-powerful, the mighty ruler of a city built by men.



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# For Liberty, for Freedom, and for God

MARJORIE CARTER

When Thomas Paine penned the words, "These are the times that try men's souls," he was writing to men who were seeking peace and freedom. Today, almost two hundred years later, men are still saying, "These are the times that try men's souls," and are still seeking peace and freedom. Nominal peace is extant at the moment, but it is almost comical in its very existence in that it may collapse at any time. There is little freedom in the world today, because Communism, which is not an agency for freedom, has overrun most of Asia and is waiting to overrun more of Europe. In view of the threat of Communism the freedom-loving parts of the world must rise up against this threat, and of all the nations America must lead the way.

America must lead the way, because the way is lighted by hope and not fear. The war-torn, fear-ridden countries of Europe and Asia cannot be expected to lead the way. Certainly England cannot assume the leadership of such a movement because she is well aware of the fact that in event of war with Russia, she will be wiped from the map in a matter of hours. The fact that there will be no France in event of open war with Russia saturates the French mind. This fact leads France as well as England into inactivity and moves them toward appeasement. Germany cannot be expected, or even asked, to assume leadership in such a project for the reason so recently brought to public attention in the European Defence Community conference—the reason being that France does not trust her close neighbor and two-time enemy. The United Nations cannot assume the leadership because of the veto power accorded to Russia as a member of the Security Council. Russia, of necessity, was entrusted with the position at the time the Security Council was set up, but as a result of this the United Nations finds itself surrounded with vetoes in the body set for its self-protection.

In view of these facts then, America will have to take stock of her ideals, rekindle the torch of liberty, and lead the way to a free world. Before she can do this, she will have to prepare herself for the task; she must take a critical look and not cringe at what she sees. America must come to a realization that Communism is active in all parts of the world and not in a few isolated parts. America must fight as Communism is fighting. The Communists are so firmly indoctrinated in their belief in Communism that they will betray their own families. Communism sees itself as the light of the world and works toward the enlightenment of the world. America knows that the Church is the only light of the world; but instead of working to promote her means, she is waiting for someone else to do the job—who, has not been considered.

America must also realize that she does not have the friends around the world that she once had. In the place of friends there are nations who are taking advantage of her generosity; nations, like India, who have accepted everything and given nothing in return; nations who will not co-operate with her at all and who desire peace at any price—be it war or betrayal. The American citizen must realize that actions speak louder than all of the Voice of America programs. Not only must the policy makers and foreign negotiators realize this, but also the American tourist abroad who remembers that he is an American citizen and who acts

accordingly. All of this adds up to the fact that America must recognize that her security, and that of the world, rests not on unstable friendships, bought friendships, papal treaties, or even armaments, but on her inner moral worth and spirit. America must remember that her first flag bore the legend "Don't Tread on Me" and that the slogan under which she was born was "Liberty or Death."

America must return to the faith of her fathers. This faith led them to fight, to win, and to secure freedom for themselves and their posterity. America must turn from the faith that sings "Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou so distressed?" to the faith that sings "A mighty fortress is our God, A Bulwark never failing." America must adopt as her motto "If God be for us, who can be against us?" and with this motto in mind she must lead the world back to God. That the world feels the need to return to God is evidenced by the title of the recent conference of the World Council of Churches—"Christ the Hope of the World."

Let America in her faith and contempt of fear live up to her heritage. She can do no less; she need do no more. Millions have died for the American Heritage; they have no other heirs than the Americans. America must take to heart the words engraved on a Concord tombstone, "My son, thou which I bequeath to you, you must own anew if you would keep it."

---

## No Return

MARY McLANEY

Come back with me  
To rain-cleaned cobbled streets  
Where we used to walk  
Hand in hand.  
Come back with me  
To the hushed, cathedral quiet  
Of Sunday evenings.  
Come back with me  
To the park  
Where in lights and laughter  
We played and won no prizes.  
Come back with me  
To city lights  
Blurred by rain-smeared bus windows.  
Come back with me—  
But you are always there  
And I can only long  
And know no return.



## THE LEGEND OF THE WATERFALL

(Continued from page 27)

'How do you see yourself?' he began slowly.

She was silent.

The sunlight glistened on the tumbling falls, and rush-pool. Moisture dripped from the cliffs, giving nourishment to mountain fern growing there. The slight wind led by the just-departed fog and remaining moisture.

Ted repeated his question, 'How do you see yourself?'

The strange girl looked down at the rock a moment as to study the water-worn ridges in it. Then she lifted her head and said quickly, 'No one can know me.' She got up and abruptly left Ted with the startling image of her eyes flashing in wild confusion.

Ted's journal entry that night described the girl as 'an innocent savage with the beauty of untainted nature. A girl that's sensitive to the slightest quiver of wind and moves with the enticing grace of an agile animal. Hair that's as black as night and eyes equally as dark that dart frantically with fear.'

The next morning Ted arrived at the waterfall before the girl did. He sat on the flat rock and looked at the fog, hanging like heavy, impenetrable mist over the pool and clinging to the cliffs.

Behind him he heard a voice. 'You're here,' it said.

It was the girl, and Ted turned and saw her standing directly behind him. She had on the same drab-colored dress, and it was almost as if the waterfall and fog and all were

'I wanted to watch the fog rise,' Ted said in a tone apologetic for his presence.

The girl resigning herself to the idea that there he was, what could she do about it, sat down on the rock a little way from him. Silently they stared at the fog and listened to the unseen crashing waterfall beyond it.

Ted spoke, 'Do you have a name?'

'Yes,' the girl responded slowly, 'papa calls me Elly.'

'What do other people call you?' Ted asked.

'I do not know anyone else,' she paused, 'but you.'

Ted was shocked beyond amazement. But then he realized that he did not know anyone but his mother, his tutors, his servants. He knew well the pangs of loneliness and the unsatisfied desire for normal contact with people which his mother had denied him. 'I know only a few people,' he said to himself for comfort.

Once again they stared at the fog. Ted wanted to say something else to her. 'I think Elly is a very pretty name. Can your father give it to you?'

'My ma named me just before she died,' Elly did not look at Ted, but continued to stare at the fog.

'The fog's thinning now,' Ted said. 'I can see the cliffs at the top of the waterfall.'

He glanced at Elly. She, completely unaware that he had said anything, was lost in concentration on the thinning fog. She looked like she was trying to see the waterfall

beyond the heavy mist, or maybe she was trying to see even beyond the waterfall.

'He tried to get her attention again. 'I can see the sun coming up over the tops of the trees. How bright it is. It will be a hot day, I'm sure.'

'She did not move, but sat perfectly still watching the fog. Ted did not speak again; so the only sound was the perpetual pound of water hitting the pool and echoing between the cliffs. The sun thinned and thinned the fog until there was none. The powerful water now in full view tumbled over the fall, splashing in a blue and white spray as it met with the sounding fury of the pool below.

'Elly got up from her seat on the rock. She walked past Ted as he watched her. She stopped, turned and said, 'What's your name?'

" 'Ted Harrington,' he replied.

'Without another word or any acknowledgment of his answer Elly left. Ted watched her disappear down the path beside the stream.

'That night Ted wrote in his journal, 'Dear Elly, I have trampled upon your privacy and invaded your waterfall. I wish your wild eyes would flash upon me a little forgiveness. And today I talked when God performed His daily miracle. But I shall learn from you reverent silence.'

'The following morning Elly was on the rock before Ted got there. As he came down the path he saw her. She was standing rigid with her arms stretched out like she had been





the first morning he had seen her. He walked slowly, watching Elly as she stood motionless on the rock. Her slim body was clad in the same drab-colored dress. The wind whipped its hem around her ankles and tossed her black hair away from her head.

"Ted scaled the rock as a rim of bright light edged the tops of the trees on the cliff. Elly did not turn around. Ted walked toward her not trying to sneak up on her or to make his presence conspicuous. When he was directly behind her he asked, 'Why do you hold your arms that way, Elly?'"

"Elly gasped, dropped her arms, and turned around. Ted did not realize that he was so close to her, but their bodies were almost touching. He grabbed her in his arms. Her dark eyes flashed wildly, but she did not struggle. Ted pressed his mouth against her parted lips. Then it was over. The sun had surmounted the trees on top of the cliff. And Elly was running down the path by the stream.

"Ted and Elly met everyday, thereafter, on the rock and watched the fog disappear and the thundering waterfall come into sight. And as one day followed another they fell more and more in love with each other. They lived for that one precious morning hour. In each other they found the before unknown companionship—the sharing of thoughts and emotions. But then the sun began rising a little later every morning, and the leaves of the trees on the cliff were tipped with color. Summer must end, and winter must come. And the fear that his new life and new love would end began creeping into Ted's journal.

"One morning they talked: 'I know how you're like the waterfall, my love,' Ted said. 'When the fog is there you are trying to break through, so that your turbulent spirit can be seen. The sun burns the fogs away, and you're free.'

"'You are my sun,' she said. 'You helped me let out all the good and bad feelings I've held inside of me so long.'

"'Oh Elly, you know how I love you. This must never end.'

"'But it will,' she said. 'The first frost will soon be here, and then the cold winter mornings when we will not be able to see each other.' Elly broke down in sobs.

"'No, I swear we will never be separated,' Ted said vehemently. 'We'll get married, Elly. That's it, we'll get married.'

"'Married?' Elly mused. 'But we are married.'

"This is the last incident that Ted Harrington recorded in his journal. He was never seen again after the night he wrote it. And that's the legend of the waterfall," Eric concluded.

Celia sighed, "What a beautiful story."

Eric said, "The sun is way above the tree tops now."

"And I can see the waterfall plainly," added Celia.

"Can you see Ted and Elly? Can you, Celia?"

"Not yet," she said. From the very edge of the rock Celia peered at the waterfall, "I can't see them yet. But they are there. I know they are. Can you see them, Eric?"

"No." He stared intently at the waterfall. He gave a short laugh, "This is so silly any . . . Celia," he cried, "Don't get so close to the edge of the rock!"

Tons of water poured over the fall, rushed into the twirling, whirling pool, sloshed up on the rock and grabbed Celia's ankles.

"Celia!" Eric shouted and grasping for her caught on air.

She shrieked, "Eric!"

The boy plunged in the water that was shipping Celia further from shore every second. She shouted his name, her head bobbed under the water, and she came up again strangling.

Uselessly Eric thrashed the water and yelled, "I'm coming. Hold on."

But Celia was being carried closer to the falls, and Eric was losing strength. "Eric," she shrieked, "I see them!" Then she disappeared under the water.

Eric yelled frantically, "Celia, Celia, where are you?" Then he saw her. She was at the bottom of the falls where the water splashed into blue and white spray. Two figures from out of the waterfall leaned over and helped Celia up.

"I'm coming, Celia. I'm coming," Eric shouted. Then there was no shouting.

There was no sound but the sounding and resounding of the water tumbling over the fall and the thousand drops splashing into the abysmal pool beneath.

---

## POETRY?

MARY McLANEY

The sheer, fierce delight of it,  
The sweet inviting sight of it,  
The swinging, singing sound of it,  
The leaping, winging bound of it.

Poetry—  
The spirit of the universe,  
A spirit mortalized in verse,  
An essence breathing in the air  
A wild wind blowing everywhere—  
Enveloping heart, mind, and soul  
In one star-reaching thunder all  
Of word-filled music.  
Poetry.

---

## REFLECTIONS

WORTH SPEARMAN

I saw the moon an hour or two ago.  
Did you? A creamy crescent drifting there  
Against the deep, deep blue of empty space.  
There must have been a star or two I guess,  
But no one sees stars first when there's a moon.  
A little pool or two gave back the way  
A slipping cloud lights up from softened wands  
Of light that moons are made of. Autumn nights  
Are good for moons and dreams and deep, deep blue

I dropped a pebble in my pool of dreams  
Where new moons sail with lucent, luteous light  
And in the echo rings the pebble made  
I saw reflections rippling—deep, dark blue.  
"To see a thought?" you ask. "Impossible,"  
You say. But no, for all my thoughts to me  
Are pictures. This may never happen twice—  
Or even, like the echo rings again.





